Per. May see the sea hath cast vpon your coast.

2. What a drunken knaue was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde.
In that vaste tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pitty him:
He askes of you, that neuer vsde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece*.
Gets more with begging then we can do with working

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure; for heere's nothing
to be got now-adaies vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on,
A man throngd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may suffice
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Die ke- tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now a fore me a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l haue flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend, You said you could not beg.

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue? then Ile turne crauer too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle. But Master Ile go draw the net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you sir, do you know where ye are?

Per.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is calle
And our, King, the good *Sy*

Per. The good King *Sy*

1. I sir, and he deserues se
For his peaceable raigne, a

Per. He is a happy King
His *Subiects*, the name of
How farre is his Court dis

1. Marry sir, halfe a daie
faire daughter, and to mo
Pirnces and Knights come
Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes
I could wish to make one

1. O sir, things must be a
cannot get, he may lawfull

Enter the two Fish

2, Helpe, Master, helpe
poore mans right in the h
on't, tis come at last, and t

Per. An Armour, friends
Thankes Fortune, yet that
Thou giuest me some wh
And though it was mine
Which my dead father di
With this strict charge, e
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it h
Twixt me and death; and
For that it saued me; kee
The Which the gods pro
It kept Where I kept, I
Till the rough Seas (that
Tooke it in rage, though
I thanke thee for t, my sh
Since I haue here my fath